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OFFICE IN HOFFMAN'S HALL.

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THOMAS R. MATHEWS,

JACKSON C. H., OHIO.

THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1853.

TERMS.

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Select Poetry.

THE GRAVE OF LILLY DALE.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

We smoothed down the locks of her soft golden hair,
And folded her hands on her breast,
And laid her at eve in the valley so fair,
'Mid the blossoms of summer to rest,
Oh, rest, Lilly, rest, no care can assail,
For green grows the turf o'er the tear moistened grave,
Of the fairest flower of the vale!

She sleeps 'neath the spot she had marked for repose.
Where flowers soonest blossom in spring,
And zephyrs first breathe the perfumes of the rose,
And the birds come at evening to sing.
Oh, rest, Lilly, rest, &c.

The wide spreading boughs of the old chestnut tree
Bend low o're the place where she lies,
There eve's purple beams longest glow on the lea,
And the morn's drink the dew as they rise.
Oh, rest, Lilly, rest, &c.

Alone where the brook murmurs soft on the air,
She sleeps with the turf on her breast,
As we laid her at eve in the valley so fair;
'Mid the blossoms of summer to rest,
Oh, rest, Lilly, rest, no care can assail,
For green grows the turf o'er the tear moistened grave,
Of the fairest flower of the vale.

FOREIGN HOTEL CHARGES.

A variety of letters have recently appeared in the London *Times* on the subject of hotel charges in that country, and their exhorbitant character, as compared with continental charges. One of them illustrates the subject by giving the comparative cost of "Two autumn trips—one through Belgium, France, and a portion of Switzerland; the other through England and Scotland—each occupying a similar period of nearly two months, and being each performed by the same three individuals—namely, myself, and wife, and daughter:—1851—Cost of railway travelling for three persons, for a period of seven weeks, through Belgium, France, etc. with fare by diligence, occasionally, 1,200f.; cost of hotel expenses, ditto, 1,3000f. Total, 2,500f.—100*l*. [or $480.] 1852—Cost of railway travelling for three persons, during a period of six weeks and three days, through the south-west, and west of England—by North and South Wales towards Liverpool, through Scotland and back to London *via* Newcastle, Durham, York, Leeds, Nottingham, Leicester, Leamington, Oxford, 115*l*.; cost of hotel expenses, ditto, 245*l*. Total, 370*l*. [or $1728.] Now, sir, I give you my word of honor, that I was not only better lodged and fed during my continental tour for 100*l*. than during my home tour for 370*l*. but was moreover, treated with very much greater consideration and respect."

In France, Champaign Wine is manufactured from the Rhubarb Plant, at 45 cents a bottle, and sent aboard as genuine Champaign. The Grapes are diseased this year, and the Rhubarb substitute.

☞The rumor that a portion of a dog-collar had been found in a sausage upon the table of a Southend boarding house, is contradicted.

BACKSLIDERS.—A temperance man sliding in the gutter, too drunk to stand up.

Select Tales.

From the New York Sunday Times.

THE NEWS BOY'S HOME.

BY ROQ.

I HAVE not been in this great city long; and having of late years been accustomed to observe nothing but quiet all around me, was at first almost deafened by the continual tumult excitement, and untranslateable jargon of this modern Jerusalem. I soon became hardened to these things, however, and have now tranquilly settled down with this patient reflection that so long as my present pursuit obliges me to remain in a city where wealth, poverty, sin, profusion, misery, and other antipodes, exist all together, I may as well make myself contented and preserve my equanimity.

I was lounging the other day, in a comfortable cushioned seat in the reception room of the hotel where I am stopping, thinking over various matters and endeavoring to amuse myself by studying the physiognomies of the strangers scattered about the apartment, when a little ragged boy approached me.

"Buy a paper, sir?" said he half timidly—"Tribune, Sun, Times?"

"No!" said I with considerable gruffness of manner.—In fact he had interrupted me in the midst of a mental speculation relative to an individual with moustaches and foreign appearance who had that instant entered the room; and whose occupation I was endeavoring to surmise at the time the boy spoke to me The contest in my mind was an interesting one, because I had determined that the individual with the moustaches was either a French cook or a California Gambler, and the matter was undecided.—But the ragged boy did'nt 'move off, as my manner seemed to indicate was to me desirable—he only looked at me imploringly.

"Please sir," said he, beseechingly, while the tears I know he tried to keep back would come, and, overflowing his clear blue eyes; trickled down the sallow cheek and fell fast upon the papers in in his hand.

Hard hearted as I felt I was, the appeal sent a pang through my callos bosom I looked at the child more closely. He was certainly not more than eight years old, and, despite the ragged condition of his trowsers and the coarse texture of his shirt, there was an appearance of cleanliness about them both which somehow seemed to whisper in my ear that holy sound "mother." But I was mistaken.

In the boy's face I saw the unmistakeable gleam of intelligence which God only can give and man cannot take away.—But, *there*, it was a misdirected useless ray—unknown, uncultivated; and if the future should develope it, how strong the probability was that it would prove a curse to him and mankind—lending aid to crime and furnishing perhaps another victim to the gallows?

All this time the subject of my thoughts stood patiently in front of me. He must have gleaned encouragement from my look in some way, for he had dried his tears upon the sleeves of has coarse shirt, and looked smilingly and hopefully in my face. And it was an honest look, to—I read truth in every flash of the bright eye and honesty in each laughing wrinkle.—Your inate scoundrel never laughs, he cannot. It contradicts his nature.

I bought a paper from the boy, and with another smile and roughish shaking of the curly head, which said plainly as words, "I knew you would!" he went around the room, asking each of its surly inmates the same question he had so despondingly put to me, and meekly bearing all their gruff refusals. Stop!—did I say all? Not so, for one gentleman sitting opposite me—yes a true gentleman, in a homespone coat—bought two papers from the little fellow and gave him a whole shilling for them; and he wouldn't let him get change in order to give back all but the price of the papers—I heard him tell the child to keep it all. He spoke in whisper but I heard him, for all that; and when I looked I felt as if I could have risen from my chair and hugged him to my heart for it, he blushed and looked confused, as if he had done something he felt very much ashamed of, and then told the little boy, in a very cross tone, to 'Be off! what the devil did he want there!' and opened one of the papers in great haste, as if he were in a tremendous hurry to read the news. As he held it up so as to cover his honest, manly face from my view, I could see that the paper was upside down, but not because he could not read—no indeed.

When addressed in the manner I have described by the gentleman in the homespun coat, the child looked at him wonderingly for a full half minute, and I saw his little lip quiver and his eye fill again with tears; but another timid glance at the good humored countenance seemed to comfort him; and brushing away the tears, he walked slowly toward the door, every now and then turning half round—first to look at the gentleman in homespun, and then at me. The look spoke volumes of innocent gratitude to both; but the gentleman never took the paper down from his face, and seemed to be deeply engaged in reading it, as I have said before upside down. No doubt he found that system exceedingly laborious and trying, for presently he pulled forth a very large red pocket handkerchief, on pretence of blowing his nose, (which he made a great deal of unnecessary parade in doing,) and then stealthily wiped the moister from his eyes.

"Come here to me," said I to the newsboy, loud enough for my friend opposite to hear.

The boy immediately turned and approached me. I observed the upside-down paper cautiously lowered, so that the individual behind could look over it; but the instant he met my eye, up it went again, and the head instantly commenced moving rapidly sideways, as if its owner were just in the marrow of an intensely interesting paragraph, in the perusal of which he was not to be disturbed on any account whatever.

'What's your name?' I demanded of the child standing in front of me.

'Eddie, sir,' said he, promptly.

'Eddie what? Tell me your other name.'

'Yes, sir—Eddie Barton, he answered.

By this time the gentleman opposite had put the paper in his pocket, and, with an air of carelessness which of course deceived me terribly, walked over to the side where I was sitting. He finally sat down in the adjoining seat, and, touching me lightly on the knee with a great brawny hand, a blow from which might have split an inch board; said, with a friendly nod—

'Fine lookin' boy, sir.'

'He is indeed,' said I, 'and evidently not accustomed to the hard life he is leading now. Suppose I ask?'

'Do it, sir,' returned my new acquaintance, eagerly—'do it, and mebbe we can do something—that is, sir, mebbe *you* can—for him, if he's deservin.'

Lord love you, sir, I've seen a heap of misery since I've bin in this place. I live in Alabama, sir, and my name is Hardy—John Hardy.'

In accordance with the request of honest John Hardy, whose face fairly shone with generous sympathy; I proceeded to ask other questions of the ragged little news-boy, to all of which he returned intelligent and unhesitating replies.

'Whar' 'bouts do you live? demanded Mr. Hardy during a pause.

'I live with Sissy,' answered Eddie—'*my* Sissy.'

The very mention of 'Sissy,' whoever that personage might have been, seemed to give the little fellow a deal of pleasure; and a bright thought striking him, he continued with much eagerness. 'Won't you come with me and see Sissy? Oh, you'll like her so much!—I know you will. She's *so* good nobody can help loving her—*nobody* can!'

He seemed so earnest and honest, and Hardy looked at me so anxiously, that I rose directly and signified my willingness to go and see her at once.

I hardly know which exhibited the most glee—the child, who capered about in a perfect fever of happiness, or Homespun Hardy, who grasped my hand within his own, and gave it such a squeeze that my fingers tingle now at the very recollection of it. So off we started pellmill across Broadway, keeping a sharp lookout for the omnibuses, carts, and vehicles of every description that incessantly dashed up and down that noisiest of thoroughfares, endangering the lives or limbs of all inexperienced or incautious pedestrians who cross their path. Away, we went into Centre street, with its railroad and dirty gutters—thence through several smaller streets, of which I have forgotten the names and never wish to learn again, each successive one being if possible more filthy than its predecessor—until at length our little pioneer, almost exhausted with the haste he had manifested, halted in front of a wretched building, three stories high, and apparently swarming with human beings, the very dregs of creation many of whom peered from the broken windows as if curious to ascertain what *could* have brought us there with that child.

'Sissy has been very sick,' said the boy, turning to us with one bare foot upon the stairs which it seemed necessary for us to mount—'very sick—poor Sis!—and she isn't a bit strong now; but then, *I* am, and I'm growing to be a big boy—and when I'm a man; *won't* I work for her! Yes, and she shall be a lady again, like she was before father died.'

The child's utterance became choked with grief at the recollections to which this simple explanation gave rise, and he could say no more. As he went up the crazy flight of stairs, Hardy's cold became so troublesome that he had to apply the big red handkerchief to his nose and eyes various times before they ceased to annoy him. Up, up he went, to the very garret, and, passing several rooms full of misery, came at length to a low door, at which the boy knocked gently.

'She has to keep it locked,' said he, in an explanatory tone, 'because some of the neighbors get drunk and are very troublesome.'

The knock was twice repeated before any notice seemed to be taken of it inside.

'Who is it?' at last demanded a sweet female voice.

'Only me, Sissy,' answered our little conductor, 'and some good old gentlemen, I've brought to see you.'

The door was opened, though after a moment's hesitation, and we entered the room. The figure before us I shall never forget. A tender child, (for she could not have been more than fifteen years of age,) beautiful as the morning, and alone—unprotected in this terrible place! She had fair auburn hair, dimpled cheeks, and a color in them which I feared was of that hectic nature so dreadful in the consequences it always betokens. There was about her an air of grace and refinement that unmistakeably evinced the born lady; and, when she modestly curtisied in reply to my salutation, there was a gentle ease in her manner which bespoke one used to education and accomplishments. The room, though poorly furnished, was in perfect keeping with its inmates—neat, and scrupulously clean.

'See! Sissy, what that gentleman gave me for only two papers,' exclaimed the little boy, kissing her affectionately.—'For only two! All that! And the other gentlemen, too—you don't know how kind they were to me.'

Hardy's cold did seem as if it wouldn't give him an instant's rest. He coughed and wheezed in the most terrific manner, and a more nervous man than myself might have been alarmed by the symptoms of suffering he evinced. However, he walked over to the window and applied his sovereign remedy—the red silk handkerchief; after which he remained contemplating the prospects from the window, piles of broken bottles and dingy chimneys—with extraordinary interest.

'I hope,' said Sissy, 'you have not been troublesome to the gentleman, Eddie.'

'Not at all, I stammered, for she really took me quite aback—'by no means. We asked him to bring us—you will pardon me, won't you?—thinking we might be of assistance in some way to you.'

She looked at me for a moment, as if to read my very soul, and then her eyes became suffused with tears.

'It's the first time,' said she, wiping away the pearly drops, 'that any one had spoken so kindly to me for so long—oh! *so* long—and I can't help crying.' And she burst out afresh.

'There—there!' said I, as soothingly as I knew how.

'Don't cry, Sissy,' exclaimed her brother, throwing his arms around her neck, and kissing her eyes. 'Don't cry.'

'How came one of your birth,' I ventured to ask—'for you have evidently seen better days—in this wretched place?—What reverse of fortune could have reduced you thus?

'Well, sir,' answered she, looking very mournfully into my face, 'its a long story. My poor father was once a rich merchant in this city. He became insolvent, and hard creditors took all he had left. Not but they had a right to do so, but it did seem hard not to leave some little things he valued at a thousand times their worth. They took all, sir, and it nearly broke his heart. Then when—when mother—mother—oh! indeed, I cannot!' she shuddered, and hid her face in her hands. I was silent. The little boy crept near me, and whispered in a low tone I could just understand—'Mother ran away from us, and then father died!'

Both these innocent children rushed into each other's embrace, and mingled their sobs. Even Hardy could pretend indifference no longer. 'I must blubber,' said he, 'so yer goes!'—and suiting the action to the word, the big red silk handkerchief was flourished for full five minutes, at the end of which time he approached the children, and lifting his arms above them, exclaimed—'With the blessin of God, you shan't suffer any more. I hain't fit to do much now, but to morrow, Sissy, if you'll let me, I'll come yer and see you. It shall be all right, never fear. May I come?'

She could only answer with sobs.

'Here,' continued he; emptying his pocket in her lap. 'Take that an' git what you want. I'll come back.'

'God bless you!' said she falling upon her knees and raising her eyes to that heaven which saw through all that abode of wretchedness and had not forgotten her—'God bless you—and He will!'

And there, kneeling upon the floor, with their hands clasped in supplication to the Giver of all good we left these two poor children, and silently grouping our our way down the trembling stairs, returned to the rich hotel we had left but an hour before—wiser and better for our first visit to that abode of sinless wretchedness.

The next morning, as I was quietly eating my breakfast, some one touched me gently on the arm. Supposing it to be an excellent servant who attends to my epicurean wishes, I said—'Nothing more, Edward, thank you'—and proceeded with my breakfast without looking round.

But the individual behind my chair, whoever it was, never budged, and gently touched my shoulder the second time.—I turned and saw my friend of the preceeding day—Mr. Hardy.

'Hush!' said he laying his finger upon his lips, and glanced around in the most mysterious manner. 'I want to speak to you.'

I rose at once from the table, and walked down stairs with the big-hearted Alabamian.

'Stranger,' said he, as soon as we had seated ourselves apart from other individuals in the room, 'I've been a thinkin' 'bout them child'n ever since we left that aire place last night.'

At that moment some lounger approached, and, as if he had been caught almost in the act of perpetrating some dreadful crime, Mr. Hardy cough ed, and pretended to admire the buttons on my vest.—After the object of his dread had walked past, he continued:

'I 'aint had a bit o' rest all night. I couldn't get that innocent little gal—bless her sweet eyes—out o' my mind, no how, and I've determined now just what I'll do. You can't have her.'

I looked surprised, and my good natured friend made a desperate attempt to frown and seem blood thirsty, but it was a lamentable failure.

'I mean,' said he, in an apolgetic tone, 'that you don't her, you know; and besides,' as if struck with a luminous idea, 'you've got a wife and seven or eight children of your own to take keer on. Don't say a word about it—I know you have; and so I think, if the gal is willin,' and the boy, too, why you see, I'll—you see——

It was evident honest Mr. Hardy could get no farther; so I lent him a helping hand.

'You will take them to your home in Alabama,' said I, 'and adopt them as your own?'

'That's it?' he exclaimed, jumping up and sitting down again with one motion. 'You've hit it, exactly! S'posin' we go round, hey?'

Of course I was anxious to see the kind intentions of my southern friend consummated, and immediately consented. In a few minutes we had reached the house, ascended the crazy steps, and knocked at 'Sissy's door. A light step sprang forward, and in a moment Hardy had Sissy in his stalwart arms. She kissed him with all the sweet confidence of purity and childlike innocence, and tears of happiness streamed down his cheeks as he returned the embrace. Then came Eddie's turn. Poor boy! how full of glee he was! And so was Sissy, and Hardy, and I—and all of us. A great change for the better had taken place in both the children since the preceding day. Both were neatly and handsomely dressed, and looked very ill-suited to that poverty-stricken abode. In explanation, Sissy told us that she had used some of the money Hardy had given her to get her own and her brother's clothing out of pawn, where it had been ever since it was pledged for bread when the children were thrown helplessly upon the world. And Sissy looked so, innocent, and so beautiful, and so happy, that, for the life of me, I couldn't help feeling a little envious of their benefactor. I tried hard to, but I could't help it.

'Now then, Sissy,' said Hardy, after he had sufficiently embraced and admired her, 'I'm going home to-morrow—that is, if you and Eddie will go way down to Alabama with me, and be my children.—I've got enough for all of us, and—hey?'

Sissy burst into tears. With a great effort her benefactor restrained his own, and taking both children by the hand, motioned me to lead the way—and I did. Not a word was spoken until we reached the landing-place at the foot of the stairs. Here Mr. Hardy cooly poked his head into the door of another miserable apartment, and addressing the only inmate—the creature who had once been a man—said, familiarly; 'Stranger, you'll find some little plunder in that aire skylight room. It belonged to these yer babies Take it along.'

That night, Eddie and Sissy slept in a comfortable room at the hotel. The next day, Hardy and the two children started for Alabama. I kissed Sissy and her brother—shook the honest Alabamian heartly by the hand, and the last words he addressed to me, as I parted from him at the boat were—God bless you!'

YANKEE ENTERPRISE IN VALPARAISO.—The result of the general introduction of Americans in the cities on the shores of the South Pacifics, has been to infuse a spirit of enterprise among the people, and lent activity to every branch of trade. The breakwater at Valparaiso is progressing rapidly, under Yankee superintendence, and the bonded warehouses are rapidly rising into grandeur under the auspices of that indefatigable American, John Brown. Another, great enterprise, attributed to Americans, has been the procurement of ice for the citizens, under an exclusive contract with the government. The appearance a Yankee two-wheeled cap in the streets of Valparaiso has created quite an excitement among the moustached hidalgos, and made them open their eyes with wonder. Sewing machines, too, are about being introduced there. There seems to be one thing more wanting, and that is, a little wholesome Yankee competition with the slaggish British mail line which plies along the coast.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AMONG THE HOTTENTOTS.—The Hottentot females are at once the laziest and most ill used of women. The priest when he married them, blesses them, saying—"May you live happy, and year-a-year bear a son, who may live to be a good hunter and a warrior." It is needless to say this wish is not always gratified. So long as her husband exists, the Hottentot woman is the slave and drudge of the hut, and on her devolves the task of providing for the sustenance of the family while the husband eats, drinks, smokes, sleeps.

When the Hottentot woman becomes a widow, she must continue so for her life, unless she chooses to purchase a husband at a price which, according to our notions, is something more than the delights of a wife in Hottentot matrimony would warrant.

The Hottentot son, on coming of age, is presented with a cudgel, with which he is commanded to beat his mother, and this request is very dutifully complied with by her son, in order to manifest his strength and ability, just as some youth are prone to evince their manhood, by smoking cigars and swearing profanely. It is strange that the mother, though often fainting under the cruel beating of the son whom she has nursed at her bosom, does not reprosch him, but admires his manliness and dexterity in proportion to the chastisement.

The young fellow whose girl told him that she did'nt want him any longer, wears a fifty-six weight in his hat to prevent him from growing any more.

If watermelons can be purchased for twenty-five cents *a piece*, how much will a whole one cost?

POMPEII.

In digging out the ruins of Pompeii, every turn of the spade brings up some relic of the ancient life, some witness of imperial luxury. For far the greater part these relics have a merely curious interest; they belong to archæology, and find appropriate resting places in historical museums. But there are some exceptions. Here, for instance, the excavator drops, and uninvited guest, upon the banquet, there he unexpectedly obtrudes himself into a tomb. In one place, he finds a miser cowering on his heaps—another shows him bones of dancing girls and broken instruments of music lying on the marble floor. In the midst of painted chambers, baths, halls, columns, fountains—among the splendid evidences of material wealth—he sometimes stumbles upon a simple incident, a touching human story, such as strikes the imagination, and suggests the mournful interest of the great disaster—as the sudden sight of a wounded soldier conjures up the horrors of a field of battle. Such to our mind, is the latest discovery of the excavators in this melancholy field. It is a group of skeletons in the act of flight, accompanied by a dog. There are three human beings—one of them a young girl, with gold and jewels still on her fingers. The fugitives had bags of gold and silver with them, snatched up, no doubt, in haste and darkness. But the fiery flood was on their track; and vain their wealth, their flight, the age of one, the youth of the other. The burning lava rolled above them and beyond; and the faithful dog turned back to share the fortunes of its mistress—dying at her side.

Seen by the light of such and incident, how vividly that night of horrors looms upon the senses! Does not imagination picture that little group, in their own house, by the side of their evening fountain, languidly chatting over the day's events and of the unusual heat? Does it not hear with them, the troubled swell of the waters in the Bay—see, as they do, how the night comes down in sudden strangeness, how the sky opens over head and flames break out, while scorise, sand and molten rocks came pouring down? What movement, what emotion, what surprise! The scene grows darker every instant,—the hollow monotone of the Bay is lifted into yells and shrieks,—the air grows thick with dust and hot with flames,—and at the mountain's foot is heard the deadly rool of the liquid lava. Jewels, house-hold goods gold and silver coins, are snatched up on the instant. No time to say farewell; darkness in front, and fire behind they rush into the streets—streets chocked with falling houses and flying citizens. How find the way through passages which have no longer outlets?—confusion, danger, darkness, uproar everywhere; the shouts of parted friends, the agony of men struck down by falling columns; fear, madness, and despair unchained;—here, Penury clutching gold it cannot keep,—there, Gluttony feeding on its final banquet, and Phrenzy striking in the dark to forestall death. Through all, fancy hears the young girl's screams,—the fire is on her swelled hand. No time for thought,—no pause:—the floods roll on, and wisdom, beauty, age, and youth, with the stories of their love, their hopes, their rank, wealth, greatness,—all the once affluent life—are gone for ever. When unearthed after many ages, the nameless group has no other importance to mankind than as it may serve "to point a moral or adorn a tale."—*London Athenæum.*

FORGOT HOW TO MIX IT.

An old fellow in Missouri, who was in the habit of "not belonging to the Temperance Society," was in the act of taking a nip one day before a young Virginian.

"What do you drink?" asked the latter.

"Brandy and water," was the reply.

'Why don't you drink mint juleps?'

'Mint juleps?' queried the old man, 'why, what in the name of drinks is that?,'

'A most delicious drink,' was the answer, 'and I'll show you how to make it as I see you have mint growing almost at your door." The young fellow soon produced the julep, and the old man was delighted with it.

About a month after, on his return home, the Virginian thought he would stop at his old friend's and "indulge," but judge of his surprise when his friend was answered by an aged female darkey, with—

"Oh, Massa's dead and gone dis two weeks!"

"Dead!' exclaimed the young man "why, how strange! What did he die of?"

"Oh, I d'no," returned the woman, "only a feller come along about a mont ago and larnt him to drink *grass in he rum* and it killed him in two weeks!"

ABBAS PASHA lately obtained from England, by great exertions, a gigantic mastif, of the celebrated Lyme breed, and the monster was the talk of the whole city of Cario. As the Pasha's private secretary proceeded through the narrow streets, accompanied by his very docile but very formidable-looking acquisition, the Turks did not fly, nor did they seek shelter, nor put themselves in attitude of resistance. They stood still and trembled. Some muttered only 'Wonderful! wonderful!" others adopted literally the Hayden phrase, "Our trust is in God."—One old man was heard to exclaim, "many of the creations of God are terrible!" and another gravely asked the dignified dog, "Art thou sent to consume us utterly?" The general expression, however, was, "God can protect us even from thee, oh terrible one!"

ALL SAINTS' DAY IN NEW ORLEANS.

Yesterday, in pursuance of immemorial custom, the ceremony of decking the tombs was observed with something more than the usual "pomp and circumstance" in the different cemetries. This solemn observance of the 1st of November is of Catholic origin, and was instituted in commemoration of those unremembered Saints whose names have not found a place in the Calendar.

To those who have never witnessed the festivity of "All Saints," the scenes yesterday offered peculiar and novel attractions. During the entire day preceeding the festival, every avenue leading to the 'cities of the dead' was crowded with a dense throng of jostling pilgrims, each bending under a load of flowers, decorations, and waxen tapers, or of whatever else might serve as offering to the memories of departed kindred, therewith to decorate their tombs, and to stand as mute emblems of that hope, which pierces beyond 'the dark valley and shadow.'

It was a various and dusky congregation that thronged those crowded avenues; and from among the strange people that made the pavement groan under their hurrying tread, the searching eye might pick out singularities of every hue, and representing every nationality. There was gray haired antiquity, that seemed the resurrection of a forgotten age, and blushing loveliness warm with the quick blood of a new and nervous life. Not before midnight were the decorations complete. It was then that a thousand tapers and waxen lights every where covering the tombs were light up, and a light flashed over the scene, imparting to it an almost magical brilliancy.

Strange figures flitted along the narrow aisles, their features the while assuming a ghostly pallor in the uncertain light.—Some bowed in silent adoration before the dark houses wherein mouldered their perished affections, while some whispered audibly their '*Ave Maria*' for the peace of departed souls. Strange and bearded men were there in that solemn congregation, whose heardened features gave mute denial to the softer sentiments uttered by their lips—young girls, too seeming joyous for the black melancholy brooding over all, and withered old women, dry and parched, making ghostly shadows on the tombs. A scene it was, so wild and wierd, that it looked not of the world.—There was an unearthly twang in the singing of the winds that smacked of the spirit land. The keen gusts as they howled around the sharp corners of the grave stones, and as they swayed here and there the snowy decorations, made them show like ghosts that seemed to threaten the disturbers of the solemn solitudes.

All night was this strange picture presented to the wandering eye of gazing curiosity, and the morning found these patient devotees still at their supplications for the ease of departed souls. Throughout the ensuing day the crowds increased, and at night-fall such a congregation had assembled that it was a wonder to see.

However strange may appear the observances of the 'Feast of All Saints,' there is in it a poetry and a religious use that commend it to our veneration. It is useful, inasmuch as it keeps alive a spirit of religious veneration: and it is pleasant in that it preserves in green remembrance the virtues of dead kindred and friends. Keeping alive as they do those associations with which we all have been familiar when the heart's fountains were not dried up and the Lares were unbroken, the ceremonies of All Saints are a beautiful observances. Let them be never forgotten.—*N. O. Crescent, Nov.* 2.

The United States has $4,335,358 horses, or about one horse to every family in the land. As to single States, Ohio stands first, having 463 397 horses; then comes New York with 447,014, and Pennsylvania with 350,393, and next Kentucky with 315,632. There are only 2,056,688 more milch cows in the land than horses. The whole working oxen figure only comes up to 1,699,241.

The above paragraph is going the rounds, but so far as Ohio is, concerned it is not correct. The tables now before our Board of Equalization show that Ohio has 574,844 horses.

Tim, while chopping wood, contrived to knock out one of his front teeth. 'Ah,' said Bill, meeting him soon after, 'you have had a dental operation performed, I see.' 'Yes,' replied the sufferer, 'accidental.'

A popular writer, speaking of the proposed oceanic telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through salt water would be fresh.

A late traveler in Ireland, in speaking of the cabins of the peasantry, says they consist of two rooms, one furnished with mud, and the other with hog troughs.

A man in California, under sentence of death, by hanging, asked the sheriff the evening previous to the execution: 'I say, sheriff, what hour is that little affair o' mine coming off?'

Love can get along with very little language. Two squeezes and a hug will convey more meaning to an ardent temperament than the whole five books of Moses.

There are three things you should never take—a cold, a lady's character, or your neighbor's umbrella.

Why is a watch dog larger at night than he is in the morning? Because he is *let out* at night, and *taken in* in the morning.